

A

Husband to order

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Serio Comic Drama  
in two acts

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By  
S. M. Norton

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1859

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*J. Morton*

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A SERIO COMIC DRAMA

IN

TWO ACTS

BY

JOHN M. MORTON, ESQ.

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,

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*Use dis*  
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## A HUSBAND TO ORDER.

*Produced at the Royal Olympic Theatre,  
Under the Management of Messrs. Robson and Emden.  
On Monday, October, 17, 1859.*

### CHARACTERS.

BARON DE BEAUPRE ( <i>a returned Emigrant Nobleman</i> )	Mr. H. WIGAN.
PIERRE MARCEAU ( <i>an Officer in the Imperial Army</i> )	Mr. G. VINING.
ANATOLE LATOUR ( <i>a young Lawyer</i> )	Mr. W. GORDON.
PHILLIPEAU ( <i>a wealthy Farmer—cousin to Pierre Marceau</i> )	Mr. G. COOKE.
SERVANT	Mr. FRANKS.
JOSEPHINE ( <i>the Baron's Neice</i> )	Miss WYNDHAM.
ELISE ( <i>the Baron's Word</i> )	Miss HUGHES.
MADAME PHILLIPEAU	Mrs. W. S. EMDEN.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION—1 hour, 26 minutes.

1st Act—1806. 2nd Act—1808.

### COSTUMES.

- BARON DE BEAUPRE.—Plain coloured square cut embroidered coat, embroidered vest, black breeches, striped stockings, nankeen gaiters, powder. *2nd dress*—embroidered square cut coat and vest, black breeches, silk stockings, shoes, powder.
- PIERRE MARCEAU.—French military undress. *2nd dress*—Full colonel's uniform, blue coat, white breeches, high boots, moustache. *3rd dress*—black square cut coat, vest, breeches, black silk stockings, long black hair, no moustache.
- ANATOLE LATOUR.—Long black advocate's gown, breeches, black stockings, shoes, black wig. *2nd dress*—Shabby blue uniform coat, crimson trousers, and cap.
- PHILLIPEAU.—Claret coloured French peasant jacket, full breeches, grey vest, and stockings, red wig. *2nd dress*—Brown peasant jacket, full breeches, flowered vest, striped stockings.
- SERVANT.—Rich liveries, blue and silver.
- JOSEPHINE.—Blue silk richly trimmed. *2nd dress*—White satin trimmed with orange flowers. *3rd dress*—Black velvet.
- ELISE.—Pink silk trimmed with white. *2nd dress*—White satin ball dress.
- MADAME PHILLIPEAU.—Brown French peasant body, orange skirt, brown petticoat, white cap, sabots. *2nd dress*—Blue skirt, claret coloured body, white cap, sabots.

*F. W. Webb Esq*  
*Queens Theatre Dublin*  
*1864*

## A HUSBAND TO ORDER.

### ACT FIRST.

SCENE,—*A Large and Handsome Apartment—at L. 1 E., a door leading to the Apartment of JOSEPHINE—at L. 2 E., another door—at R. 3 E., a window—at R. 1 E. another door—at C., folding doors—on stage, a table L. C., small work table, L. C., sofas, chairs, &c.*

ELISE seated at table, L. C., engaged in embroidery work.

ELISE. (*checking a yawn, then looking round*) There's nobody here to see me, so I may as well enjoy it! (*giving a loud and satisfactory yawn—a tap at door in c.*) Oh. lud! I was just in time ~~tap repeated~~ I know who that is, before the door opens! that gentle tap can only emanate from the gentle knuckles of the gentle Monsieur Anatole Latour! (*tap repeated again, impatiently*) Why don't you come in?

*Enter ANATOLE at c., he is in the costume of an advocate of the period.*

LATOUR, (L. C., bowing repeatedly, and very nervous) I. beg ten thousand pardons, mademoiselle—

ELISE. (*seated R. C.*) Why didn't you come in at once? You weren't afraid I should eat you, were you?

LATOUR. No, mademoiselle! but hearing you were alone, I was afraid—

ELISE. Ha, ha! If I was a man, and wanted to see a young woman, and they told me she was alone, that would be just the very reason that I should *not* be afraid.

LATOUR. Oh! mademoiselle—

ELISE. Now, pray don't keep on twiddling that hat of yours about in that way! it does fidget me so dreadfully.

LATOUR. (C.) Mademoiselle, I—(*not knowing what to do with his hat—he puts it on his head, then snatches it off again.*) Ah! (*looking tenderly at ELISE and sighing*) If Mademoiselle Elise only knew the mingled feelings of respect and admiration which animate this hat-- I mean this heart!

ELISE. (*seated R. C.*) Hold your tongue, and sit down! (*he sits L. C.*) In the first place, don't call me mademoiselle—I'm *not* mademoiselle, I *won't* be mademoiselle—I know they want to make a fine lady of me, but I defy them.

LATOUR. (*tenderly*) Then—Elise!

ELISE. (*sharply*) Don't call me Elise, my name is *Lise*, or rather Lisette.

LATOUR. Then—*Lisette*!

ELISE. (*sharply*) Don't call me Lisette!

LATOUR. (*humbly*) Instead of telling me what I am *not* to call you, if you would only condescend to say what I *am* to call you—

ELISE I don't know—I don't care—I don't care about anything or anybody, there! Yes I do! I care about the dear old farm, and heartily wish I was back in it, with Monsieur Phillipeau and his plump, fat, comfortable wife!

LATOUR. Your affection for this worthy couple is but natural, for thanks to the good stewardship of Monsieur Phillipeau, you are now the wealthy mistress of this, the fairest chateau in Brittany.

ELISE. I hate the chateau! a great, long, straggling, dark, dull, melancholy, old tumble-down place! Ah! I can't get up here at five o'clock in the morning and milk the cows, and churn the butter, and make the cheese, and go bird-nesting as I used to do at the farm.

LATOUR. But at any rate, it enabled you to offer hospitality to your guardian, the Baron de Beaupré, on his return to France six months ago, after his long exile.

ELISE. Of course, I was very happy to pay the old gentleman every sort of respect, though I had never seen him in my life, but the moment I saw him, I said to



myself "I shan't have much trouble in twisting you round my little finger, old gendeman—but his niece, Mademoiselle Josephine—oh dear, that's quite another pair of shoes!" (*rises*)

LATOUR. Another pair of shoes! (*rises*)

ELISE. (*R. C.*) Yes, you mustn't mind my free and easy style of speaking—I picked it up at the farm, and it sticks to me. Oh, she's a grand young lady, I can tell you!—a peacock with two tails is a joke to her! She treats *me* just as if I was a child, and is always finding fault with my appearance, or my manners, or my grammar, in short, she snubs me!

LATOUR. (*L. C.—compassionately*) Well, never mind!

ELISE. I *don't* mind! No not I—ha, ha! If you had only heard her yesterday, because I *would* go down into the kitchen and mind the soup—she said it was unlady-like, low, vulgar—vulgar, me?—that is a good one, eh? Ha, ha!

LATOUR. (*a little bothered*) Yes, as you say, it is a "good one." Ha, ha!

ELISE I dare say my education isn't quite as good as it might be. Never mind, I know as much as most young women for all that!

LATOUR. (*timidly*) There is one necessary portion of a young lady's education in which I should like to instruct you.

ELISE Lor! what's that?

LATOUR. Why, to like me a little better than you do.

ELISE. (*with naivete and candour*) I don't think I *could*.

LATOUR. (*L.—delighted*) Then you love me?

ELISE. (*R.*) Oh, dear no! That's a horse of quite another colour!

LATOUR. Yes, I'm fully aware that I'm a horse of quite another colour. But your guardian doesn't object.

ELISE. Of course not! because it isn't my guardian you want to marry. Besides, he's under great obligations to you—it was you who brought about this marriage for his niece, by which all the family property which had become forfeited to the nation, will be restored to him.

LATOUR. Can you wonder at my zeal, when I knew it would make the baron my mediator with *you*? (*timidly*)

ELISE. How very disinterested of you to be sure! Ha, ha!

LATOUR. Oh, mademoiselle—I mean Elise—Lisette—you'll not doom me to despair? I've been living on hope for the last three months.

ELISE. Have you? then it must be very nourishing food, for you certainly have got fat upon it! (ANATOLE *looks dignified*) Now don't look so awfully tragic, or I shall laugh!

LATOUR. Give me some little encouragement, some trifling assurance.

ELISE. Assurance! I wish I could, for that's just what you want, you're so demure and reserved! Then your manners are so very nice, your conversation so very refined, your appearance, especially in that long black coat, so very serious! ha, ha! and as for a hearty laugh, I don't believe its in you, ha, ha!

LATOUR. That's enough! Now that I know how to please you: I'll become a dashing fellow, a devil of a fellow—in short, I'll go it! You shant, by—by Jupiter! I said “by Jupiter!” what do you think of that? And as for my timidity and bashfulness, thus I throw them off for ever! (*snatching a kiss*) There! what d'ye think of that? (*suddenly falling back into his timid manner*) Oh, dear! oh, dear! I didn't know—I didn't mean—shall I throw myself headlong at your feet? (*about to make a plunge*)

ELISE. Ha, ha, ha! here's a fuss about a trifle!

BARON DE BEAUPRE. (*without, L.*) Josephine, Josey, Jo!

JOSEPHINE. (*without, L.*) I repeat, Baron, it is highly indecorous and excessively improper!

*Enters at door L., followed by the BARON.*

BARON. (L.) But, my dear niece, if you'll only listen to reason—

JOSE. (L. c.) Reason! pshaw! what has reason to do with the usages of society?

BARON. Very little, I admit! (*aside*) Her lamented aunt's temper to a T.



JOSE. I repeat, that in selecting an apartment for this Monsieur Pierre Marceau, (*contemptuously*) you ought to have chosen one as remote as possible from that which I occupy!

BARON. Well, but considering that we expect the gentleman this very day, and that the moment he arrives he will conduct you to the Hymeneal altar—

ELISE. (*up R., aside*) Poor man!

BARON. (L.) Then and there to be joined to you in the bonds of wedlock—

JOSE. Don't be too sure of that! and permit me to say, Baron, that in the whole of this strange affair, you have shown a degree of precipitancy totally at variance with the laws of decorum and good breeding.

BARON. Perhaps so! (*aside*) That's so like her aunt—the baroness again! (*aloud*) But my natural anxiety to see you happily married—

JOSE. Happily married! to a man I have never seen.

BARON. (*soothingly*) But you *will* see him before you *are* married to him! In point of fact, you can't be married to him without seeing him—what can you desire more? Besides, you can't say, "No!" at the last moment—you couldn't see your poor uncle go back into exile again; for if you *do* say "No," back into exile again your poor uncle certainly will go!

JOSE. Well, you will only be sharing the fate of your lawful sovereign.

BARON. I flatter myself there is no man more anxious to see his lawful sovereign than I am—but with all due respect to my lawful sovereign, I shall wait till he comes to me!

JOSE. (*contemptuously*) There was a time when the Baron de Beauprè would have blushed to use this language.

BARON. Yes! but my blushing days are over, and for the best of all possible reasons, I found I got nothing by it; consequently when the emperor—

JOSE. (*satirically*) The *ci-devant* lieutenant of artillery!

ELISE. (*sharply*) And the conqueror of Italy!

BARON. I repeat, when the emperor graciously permitted my return to France, and generously restored to me my title—

JOSE. Wondrous generosity, forsooth! When the property belonging to that title had been sequestered, and sold to the highest bidder, Monsieur Pierre Marceau, whose father was your own vassal by right of inheritance.

ELISE. And who is now himself a colonel by right of courage. (*aside*) There, take that!

BARON. I confess I was rather puzzled what to do, when I found myself a baron again, without the means of living like a baron; when a sublime idea suddenly struck me—you remember—(*to ANATOLE*) I said it was a sublime idea, the moment you suggested it.

JOSE. (*sharply to ANATOLE*) So, sir, it is to *you* then that I am indebted, for this most flattering alliance, in store for me!

LATOUR. (*L. C., very timidly, and nervous*) I'm sure I'm very sorry, but the facts are simply these, not having the faintest idea that—of course I could'nt have the slightest notion that—that—and I therefore hope this explanation will be perfectly satisfactory.

BARON. Satisfactory? of course!—I never heard a more plain and intelligible statement in all my life! My young friend, Anatole, undertook to memorialise the emperor in my behalf, and the decision of that great man was contained in these few but emphatic words—"The family estates of the Baron de Beauprè, forfeited to the nation and recently purchased by Colonel Pierre Marceau, shall be restored to the above mentioned baron, provided that within two months, his niece Mademoiselle de Beauprè, shall bestow her hand in marriage on the afore-said Colonel Pierre Marceau."

JOSE. (*c.*) The emperor might have condescended to consult the lady in such a matter.

BARON. (*L.*) Yes, he certainly might—but he didn't!

JOSE. (*with indignation*) To be valued like cattle at a country fair. (*to BARON*)—And your blood didn't boil at the indignity.

BARON. (*quietly*) My boiling days are over. Besides, my name hasn't appeared in the matter! everything connected with the estates and the marriage contract was settled in Paris, between the colonel's principal farmer and baliff, one Monsieur Phillipeau.



JOSE. I'm sure, Monsieur Phillipeau, farmer and baliff, does Mademoiselle de Beaupré, infinite honour.

ELISE. I'll be bound he never thought of you at all; all he cared for was to serve Pierre Marceau, and no wonder, since they are—

BARON. Then you'll try and receive your husband with a smile. (JOSEPHINE *smiles satirically*) No! that's a grin! (*aside*) She's the image of her aunt, the baroness!

JOSE. There is but one way to receive a gentleman who has never once condescended to honour me with his presence!

BARON. How could he? he was with the army.

JOSE. (*sharply*) He should have left the army!

BARON. On what plea!

JOSE. Any plea!

ELISE. What! on the eve of a battle, and such a battle as Austerlitz—catch him! (*the noise of wheels and the crack of a postilion's whip heard outside*) Hark! a post chaise is rumbling into the court yard, who can it be? (*running to window*) It's he! it's he! I'm sure it's Pierre in spite of his moustaches!

JOSE. Moustaches? surely the man can't mean to be married in moustaches!

ELISE. (*at window R., and waving her hand*) Pierre, Pierre Marceau! he don't see me!

JOSE. Elise, I'm ashamed of you! standing at an open window, and staring at a man! (*taking the place of ELISE at the window*) Where is he?

ELISE. (*pointing*) There!

JOSE. The man in the boots?

ELISE. No, that's the postillion! that's Pierre in a travelling cloak.

JOSE. And a cigar in his mouth, ugh! (*coming away from window*)

PIERRE. (*without, R. U. E.*) Now then, young man, left shoulder forward, march! quicker than that! fire and furies!

JOSE. He swears as well as smokes! I think he might have left the habits and language of a barrack room behind him. You may receive him, baron, I shall *not*! (*going majestically towards, L.*)

BARON. (L. c.) But, niece! Josephine! I say, Jo! (*very coaxingly*)

JOSE. (*with dignity*) I repeat, I shall *not*! (*aside*) The man is evidently a bear: that's a pity too, for the creature is by no means ill-looking.

PIERRE MARCEAU. (*without*) Now then!

JOSEPHINE *frightened, hastily disappears at door, L.*

SERVANT *appears at c., from R., carrying a portmanteau.*

SERVANT. (c.) Colonel Pierre Marceau.

*Enter PIERRE, smoking a cigar, c., from R.*

PIERRE. (c.) Of the Imperial Guard, third battalion!

BARON. (L. c., *hurrying to him*) My dear colonel! my dear nephew!

PIERRE. Eh! oh! you're the baron, eh? Baron de—something or another, I forget what! happy to see you! (*shaking BARON's hand violently*) There's a soldier's grip for you!

BARON. Thank ye! (*aside*) I never felt one before, and I'll take precious good care I never do again.

PIERRE. I say, Baron— (*puffing a cloud of smoke into the BARON's face, who coughs*) Beg pardon, you object to my cigar!

BARON. No—I don't!

PIERRE. That's as much as to say others *do*, that's enough! (*flinging his cigar away*) And now suppose you shew me to my quarters; I want to change my uniform coat, waistcoat, et cetera. Now young man with the luggage! (*to SERVANT*)

BARON. Yo know the colonel's apartment.

SERVANT *goes out at, R. D.*

PIERRE. (*about to follow the SERVANT, stops*) A thousand pardons for not asking after your lovely niece—of course she is lovely, eh? doesn't take after her uncle, I hope, ha, ha! (*slapping BARON*)

BARON. Ha, ha! you're a wag! (*digging PIERRE in the side*) Impertinent jackanapes!

PIERRE. (*seeing ELISE*) Is that the young female?

BARON. That? no! you see you arrived so suddenly, and Josephine being naturally so timid, so shy—



PIERRE. She took to her legs, eh?

BARON. (*aside*) Took to her legs! What an uncouth animal! (*aloud*) I'll go and fetch her—(*aside*) If I can. Oh, my poor estates! I'm horribly afraid they'll slip through my fingers, after all! *Exit L. D.*

PIERRE. So, that's a baron, is it? one of the real old original sort. Well he's an easy, good tempered, stupid kind of person enough! (*seeing ANATOLE and ELISE*) Who are these, I wonder? (*to ANATOLE*) Monsieur and you too, madame, or mademoiselle, as the case may be, as we all seem to be encamped here together, suppose we call over the muster roll, and we shall know more of one another, I am Colonel Pierre Marceau, of the Imperial Guard. And you?

LATOUR. (R. C.) Anatole Latour—advocate.

PIERRE. (*aside, and shrugging his shoulders*) A lawyer! I thought so by the cut of his regimentals. (*to ELISE*) And you?

ELISE. (R.—*pouting*) You ought not to want telling! Don't you remember me, Pierre Marceau?

PIERRE. Eh? Stop a bit—it can't be—no!

ELISE. Yes it is!

PIERRE. Elise?

ELISE. Yes!

PIERRE. The chubby faced flaxen haired little romp, that I used to dandle on my knee at Cousin Phillipeau's farm?

ELISE. Yes!

PIERRE. Ah! I always said you'd grow up a beauty, didn't I?

ELISE. Yes!

PIERRE. And so you have—haven't you?

ELISE. Yes!

PIERRE. Well, ain't you going to give me a kiss?

ELISE. Yes! (*crosses to C.*)

PIERRE. (*embracing her*) Another! (*kisses her again*)

PIERRE. (R., *observing ANATOLE, who has turned away disgusted—aside*) Oh, oh, I smell powder! (*aloud*) I say, Monsieur Anatole, you don't seem to like this, eh? (*having his arms still round ELISE's waist*)

LATOUR. (*with dignity*) I never tried it!

PIERRE. (c.) Ha, ha! come master lawyer, tell the truth! I know it isn't professional, but never mind that! you're an admirer of my pretty little Lisette, eh!

LATOUR. (R.) I have the honour to adore the very ground she treads on!

ELISE. (R. c.) Yes, yes, of course you do! (to PIERRE) Of course he does! But tell me how is dear godpapa, Phillipeau?

PIERRE. As hearty and jolly as ever! He's gone back to the farm—and high time too, considering that he sacrificed six whole weeks in Paris, on my account.

ELISE. And your brother, Monsieur Henri? I only saw him once, and he was so wonderfully like you, I really didn't know you apart.

PIERRE. (c.) Yes, and you'd be puzzled to tell the soldier from the lawyer now, if I were to cut off my moustaches, and he was to cut off his wig.

ELISE. (R. c.) Ugh! (to ANATOLE) Do *you* wear a wig?

LATOUR. (R.) Of course! and I'm rather proud of *my* wig, it's such a big one.

PIERRE. But, Lisette, what of my wife that is to be—pretty, eh?

ELISE. Lovely!

PIERRE. So much the better.

ELISE. And so clever.

PIERRE. So much the worse! But never mind, she must be a good, generous, kind hearted soul, to sacrifice herself for her uncle.

ELISE. No great sacrifice either to marry *you*, Pierre.

SERVANT *appears at door, R.*

SERVANT. Your apartment is ready, sir!

PIERRE. Thank ye! I can't be married in such a costume as this, can I? Besides, I confess I should like to make a favourable impression at first sight, especially as I must be off again to the army to-morrow.

ELISE. } To-morrow?

LATOUR. }

PIERRE. Yes, I only had three weeks furlough—and



by starting at daybreak to-morrow, I calculate I shall reach head quarters just in time to escape a court martial.

ELISE. I should have appealed to the Emperor himself.

PIERRE. The very thing I did! "Three weeks are not enough," said I—"I'm going to be married." "And I'm going to fight the Austrians," said he. "Make your choice." I did, and that's why I'm off at daybreak to-morrow. (*crosses to R,—to SERVANT*) March! 'Ta ta! Lisette! Monsieur—(*to ANATOLE, and making a military salute*). *Exit, following SERVANT, at door, R. 1 E.*

ELISE. There—that's what I call a fine, dashing, handsome fellow!

LATOUR. Do you? Just wait till you've seen me in my big wig—it's such a beauty!

*Enter JOSEPHINE at L. D. 1 E., followed by BARON, carrying a bridal veil and a wreath of orange flowers.*

BARON. (L.) But Josephine—Josey—Jo—will you try them on? Here's a veil that a queen might wear—and as for this wreath of orange flowers, if ever there *was* a wreath of orange flowers, this *is* a wreath of orange flowers! Allow me—(*about to place them on JOSEPHINE, who takes them from him and places them on chair, R. C.*

JOSE. (L. C.) Pshaw!

BARON. (*aside*) Phaw! There's her aunt the baroness again!

ELISE. (R. to JOSEPHINE) Well, you must make up your mind one way or the other, because the colonel starts again for the army to-morrow.

BARON. (L.) To-morrow?

JOSE. (C.—*indignantly*) To-morrow?

ELISE. (R. C.) Yes, at daybreak.

BARON. At daybreak?

JOSE. (*violently*) At daybreak? So I'm to be woo'd, married, and deserted in a day! Baron, I look to you to resent this insult.

BARON. (*aside*) Do you? Then you'll have to look a precious long time!

LATOUR. (R.) Believe me, mademoiselle, the poor colonel is rather to be pitied than blamed.

*Pierre*

BARON. Don't you hear—he's rather to be pitied than blamed. (*coaxingly*)

LATOUR. Duty calls and he must obey.

BARON. It's a melancholy fact; but duty calls and he must obey.

JOSE. His duty is to remain with his wife!

BARON. (*bothered*) Of course, his duty is to remain with his—no, I don't mean that!

JOSE. I shall be the laughing stock of the whole neighbourhood!

BARON. To be sure, ~~she~~ she'll be the laughing stock of the—

LATOUR. No—no!

BARON. No, no! (*aside*) I'm getting into a most complicated state of confusion!

JOSE. In a word, Baron, you may tell Colonel Pierre Marceau, that this marriage is impossible.

BARON. May I? Thank you! Suppose you tell him yourself!

JOSE. Be it so! (*aside*) His humiliation will be the more complete.

BARON. But I've invited no end of people to a ball to-night, in honour of the wedding.

JOSE. Order your carriage and put them off!

BARON. It's no use reasoning with her, she will have her own way—just like her aunt the baroness! Oh, my poor estates! I shall see you slip through my fingers after all!

*Goes out at door, L. 1 E.*

ELISE. (*aside*) Come! that marriage is broken off—Pierre will be free, and who knows but—

LATOUR. (*overhearing*) What?

ELISE. (*knowingly*) Nothing! *Goes out, C. to L.*

LATOUR. That nothing means something—pshaw! never despair. She's never seen me in my wig yet.

*Exit C. to R.*

*Enter PIERRE, R. 1 E., in the full uniform of a colonel of the Imperial Guard, followed by a SERVANT.*

JOSE. (*seated, L. C.*) I quite long for the interview. No weakness, Josephine de Beaupré. it was weakness of the ancient monarchy! (*aside*) He's here.

SERVANT. (R.) Ten napoleons ! oh, sir—

PIERRE. (R. c.) Put them in your pocket, young man. as a wedding present from Pierre Marceau.

SERVANT *bows and goes out, c. to R.*

JOSE. (*aside*) A wedding present ! he little knows what is in store for him !

PIERRE (R. *looking at JOSEPHINE, who is seated L. C. with her back towards him*) Lisette was right, she's a fine woman ; fit to belong to any grenadier company. Shall I storm the position at once ? no ! I'll throw out my picquets first, and reconnoitre.

JOSE. (*seated L. C., taking a sly glance at him*) It's a very becoming uniform, I must say.

PIERRE. (*seeing the wreath of orange flowers on chair R. C., and taking it*) Mademoiselle, these flowers remind me of my duty ; they are simplicity itself, but the task they impose upon me is not so easy, they tell me I must woo you, forgetting you are a high born lady, and I a simple soldier.

JOSE. (*aside*) He's not by any means such a bear as I imagined !

PIERRE. And as a soldier I have always obeyed the Emperor's commands, but never, (*gallantly*) never with such alacrity as now.

JOSE. (*aside*) A compliment, I declare ! (*aloud*) You love the Emperor, then ?

PIERRE. Love him ! I ran away from college before I was fifteen, to join him !

JOSE. Oh ! you *have* been to college ?

PIERRE. Yes, for three years and a half.

JOSE. (*aside*) Then the creature has been educated.

PIERRE. Hitherto, mademoiselle, glory has been my only mistress ; no one cared for me—I cared for no one ; you will hardly believe it, but when I came back from Egypt I only brought three Cashmere shawls with me.

JOSE. (L. C.) Three !

PIERRE. (R. c.) Yes ! each of them large enough to carpet this room—and such fringes ! deep as that !

JOSE. They must be very beautiful !

PIERRE. I hope you will think so.



JOSE. (*aside*) He's really full of attentions. I wonder if my uncle *has* ordered the carriage?

PIERRE. Ah, mademoiselle, how different will be my future now. In the roar of battle I shall think of you—you will animate my courage, for you will share my glory, and if I fall—

JOSE. (*quickly*) But you will not, must not expose yourself unnecessarily.

PIERRE. (*with joy*) Ah—Oh, mademoiselle—Josephine I am not indifferent to you.

JOSE. I didn't say that.

PIERRE. Do not trifle with me; I know, I feel you can't love the rough soldier who takes you, as it were, by storm, like an enemy's battery. But give me one ray of hope, and be assured, lady, that my every thought and action, nay, my very life itself shall be devoted to one sole object—that of proving to you, that in securing your uncle's happiness, you have not necessarily sacrificed your own.

JOSE. (*aside*) Surely I have been foolishly, wickedly prejudiced—but it is now too late, my uncle by this time has left the chateau.

BARON. (*without, C. D.*) Elise! Elise!

JOSE. (*aside, and joyfully*) He's not gone!

*Enter BARON in hat and gloves, with his cane, followed by ELISE, C. from L.*

BARON. (*C., as he enters*) I'm perfectly aware the carriage is at the door—you've told me a dozen times already. (*seeing the COLONEL, who is speaking with JOSEPHINE—she is still with her back turned towards him*) There he is! I wonder how he bears his disappointment—I hope it hasn't put him into a passion, because he might feel inclined to pick a quarrel with me.

PIERRE. (*R. C.—turning and seeing the BARON*) Ah! (*grasping him violently by the hand*)

BARON. (*alarmed*) Yes, I know what you are going to say. I'm very sorry, but—it's useless to conceal the fact—she takes after her aunt the baroness.

PIERRE. (*astonished*) Eh?

BARON. Yes, I'm distress'd to a degree, for I assure you I did all I could to alter her feelings towards you. (JOSEPHINE, L. C., *pulls the BARON's coat tails*)

PIERRE. The devil you did!

BARON. But she would have her own way—her aunt, the baroness, always did, and this is the melancholy result. (JOSEPHINE *tugs his coat tail again*)

PIERRE. (R. C.) What the deuce are you talking about? I'm delighted at the result!

ELISE. (L., *aside*) He's showing a proper spirit. I knew he would not care that about her! (*snapping her fingers*) The proud puss!

PIERRE. In short, my dear uncle—

BARON. Uncle!

PIERRE. I'm the happiest man in France! Ha, ha, ha!

BARON. (*laughing hysterically*) Ha, ha, ha! (*aside to JOSEPHINE*) Then you haven't said "no" at the last moment.

JOSE. (L. C.) How could I? I thought of you, uncle, and determined to sacrifice myself. (*holding out her hand behind her to PIERRE, who seizes it, and kisses it*)

BARON. Noble, exemplary woman! (*aside*) I shall get back my estates, after all!

ELISE. (L., *spitefully*) You don't seem to know your own mind for five minutes together, Josephine; it was only just now you declared—

BARON. (*interrupting*) Yes, exactly! (*aside to her*) Hold your tongue! (*very loud, and calling off*) Send carriages round to assemble our friends. The bridesmaids and witnesses will repair to church and wait the arrival of the happy couple. And bring me a nosegay, the largest you can find; and a wedding favour to match; and a pair of white gloves; and a purse full of coppers, to fling among the poor people! And now, Elise, place the bridal veil and wreath on that fair alabaster brow! (*offering the veil and wreath to ELISE, who sulkily turns away—PIERRE takes them, and places them on the head of JOSEPHINE*)

PIERRE. There! for a first attempt I flatter myself I'm a tolerable ladies' maid. And now—now for the happy ceremony that makes you mine! (*taking JOSEPHINE's hand*)

BARON. (up L. C.—triumphantly) Yes—now for the happy ceremony that makes her mine—I mean, makes me hers—no, yours! You hers?—yes—no—never mind!

PIERRE. (stopping, and to ELISE) Heyday, Lisette, surely you don't intend to remain behind?

ELISE. (sharply) Yes I do!

BARON. Yes, yes, there's the wedding breakfast, and the ball in the evening to attend to.

SERVANT. (at C. announces) The carriage is at the door.

*Other SERVANTS appear through folding doors at C., each with a nosegay and a wedding favour—they bow as PIERRE and JOSEPHINE walk out, followed by the BARON, who struts out in a very consequential manner, C. to R.*

ELISE. Poor Pierre! if ever a man caught a Tartar you have! I shouldn't be at all surprised if she changed her mind again before she gets half way down stairs. (*going to window*) No! Pierre hands her into the carriage, jumps in after her, and—all settled! Poor Monsieur Anatole, it's no fault of mine that you're a lawyer instead of a soldier.

MADAME (without, R.) Just gone, d'ye say, young man?

PHIL. (without, R.) There, dame, who's right now? Didn't I tell you we shouldn't get here in time?

ELISE. That voice! It's dear godfather Phillipeau! Come in, dear godfather!

PHIL. (without) That's her dear little voice! I'll swear to it!

*Enters hastily at C. from R., and knocks the SERVANT out of his way—MADAME PHILLIPEAU follows—they are in a better sort of peasants' dresses, and evidently just off a journey—PHILLIPEAU has a whip, and MADAME PHILLIPEAU carries a basket.*

PHIL. (C) Lisette, my darling, give your old godfather a kiss! (ELISE runs into his arms)

MADAME. (R. C.) And another for me, Lisette!

PHIL. Wait a bit, dame, I haven't done yet. (*kissing ELISE again*) There, now I've had my whack, you may begin.



MADAME. Dear child! (*kisses LISETTE*) I say, old man, isn't she grown a beauty?

PHIL. Yes, it's all our bringing up, dame! Early to bed, early to rise, plenty of exercise, lots to eat and drink. That's the style—that's what makes us such a handsome couple!

MADAME. Hold your tongue, you silly old man, do!

ELISE. (L. c.) Ah, those were happy days! And how's the dear old farm, and the pigs, and the poultry?

PHIL. Jolly! never had such pigs in all my life! You remember the old peacock that used to go strutting about the farm yard?

ELISE. Yes—what a splendid tail he had.

PHIL. Yes, but he lost it two years ago, and as it never grew again, it quite took the conceit out of the poor old fellow. So what'd'ye think, he's withdrawn from the society of his fellow birds, and taken to hatching eggs in his old age. But, I say, how surprised Cousin Pierre will be when he comes home from church and finds me and my old woman here.

ELISE. We'll be delighted!

PHIL. That's what I said to Madame Phillipeau last night at supper. "So let's get up at daybreak," says I, "and drive over," says I.

ELISE. (*suddenly*) Then you haven't breakfasted?

PHIL. Oh, haven't I! I've been breakfasting all the way here. Nevertheless, dame, open the basket again. (MADAME PHILLIPEAU *opens the basket*) Why, you greedy old woman you, you've emptied the larder!

MADAME. Me? well, I like that!

PHIL. Like it! yes, that's pretty evident!

MADAME. (R.) There's two slices of bread and an apple left. What would you have?

PHIL. (R. C.) Why, two apples—then there'd be one a-piece. Never mind! (*taking a piece of bread and a large apple*)

MADAME. I must confess I am anxious to see Cousin Pierre's fine young lady of a wife. Is she pretty?

PHIL. Is she *good*—that's the point—because marrying a woman one doesn't know anything about, is neither

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more nor less than a lottery. In short, it's buying a pig in a poke.

ELISE. (L. c.) She has one little fault—she's rather proud.

PHIL. Proud! of what?

ELISE. Her birth.

PHIL. Ha, ha! her birth! that's a good one! just as if *she'd* anything to do with that! *(taking a mouthful out of the apple, and passing it to MADAME.)*

ELISE. I mean of her family.

MADAME. What, her uncle, the baron? ha, ha! poor old gentleman—he's a nice article to be proud of, certainly. *(biting a piece out of the apple, and passing it again to MADAME.)*

PHIL. No, that's nothing but spite, old girl—just because—when he came back to France, six months ago, he took Lisette away from the farm to polish up her learning. *(taking another bite out of the apple, and passing it to MADAME.)*

MADAME. And find a husband for her, perhaps, as he has for his niece!

PHIL. Pshaw! leave Lisette to find a husband for herself. *(taking another bite of the apple, and about to pass it to MADAME, sees there is only a small piece left, which he puts in his mouth)*

ELISE. Well, I don't mind confessing that I *have* got a young man, and a very nice young man; but unfortunately he's a lawyer, and wears a wig, and I've made up my mind to marry a soldier, and nothing but a soldier.

PHIL. Have you? then my advice is—stop a bit—*(almost choking in his hurry to speak—MADAME slaps his back violently)* My advice is—tell the young man so at once—no beating about the bush—no dodging round a corner, but out with it at once. “Monsieur, I can't marry you because you are not a soldier. I would if I could, but if I can't, how can I? so no more at present from yours—etcetera, etcetera.” That's the way to do it.

*(noise of shouting heard without, R. U. E., also noise of carriage wheels)*

MADAME. *(running to window)* Eh? yes! it's the wed-

ding party come back; and there's Cousin Pierre looking as handsome—and so happy!

(PHILLIPEAU runs to window—loud shouts of “Pierre for ever! long life and happiness to the bride and bridegroom,” heard without.

MADAME. Ha, ha, ha! see—his old acquaintances, the market people, have found him out—I knew they would! Only see how he's shaking the men by the hand.

PHIL. (up, R.) Yes—and only look how he's kissing the women ~~shouting out at window~~ That's right, Cousin Pierre! go it, Cousin Pierre! ha, ha!

~~shouts repeated.~~

Enter JOSEPHINE, hurriedly, C. from R., in great excitement.

JOSE. (L. C.) This humiliation is not to be borne! I shall choke with indignation!

ELISE. (R.) What is the matter?

JOSE. Are you deaf? don't you hear those shouts? a crowd of market men and women—hawkers of fruit, vegetables, fish, are surrounding the man who is now my husband—thrusting their vulgar hands into his, and he—he in return calls them his good friends. Friends! ha, ha! one woman, more repulsive than the rest, with herrings in her basket—herrings, do you hear?—he actually kissed—I saw him—and rushed up stairs alone, to hide my shame and indignation. Elise, quick—water, or I shall suffocate! (crosses to L.)

ELISE runs out, L., JOSEPHINE sinks into a chair, L. C. Stay, Josephine—passion will not avail you—he loves me devotedly—I have but to command, and he will obey. He said *my* will was *his* law, and it *shall* be so. On this, our wedding-day, I will establish my authority at once and for ever.

(during the above, PHILLIPEAU and MADAME are still at window, and have not noticed Josephine's entrance.

PHIL. (R.) I say, dame! I haven't seen Pierre's young bride—in all this noise and bustle.

MADAME. (R.) No more have I! I declare I do so long to give our new cousin a kiss.



PHIL. (*turning and seeing JOSEPHINE, who is still seated with her back towards them*) Why, dame! look there! isn't that the young woman.

MADAME. Of course—there's the bridal veil.

PHIL. Yes, and the wreath of thingumbobs round her head.

MADAME. Orange flowers. I had just such another when we were married.

PHIL. Bless you, I never noticed it! I only looked at your pretty face. Now, dame, you go first, and then you can introduce me. Stop a bit, though. (*pulling out his shirt frill, and smoothing down his hair*) Now then!

(MADAME *advances and gives JOSEPHINE slight tap a on the shoulder—she starts and turns—looks proudly at her.*

MADAME. (C.) Its only me!

JOSE. (L. C., *aside*) Another, I presume, of my husband's dear friends. (*aloud*) What do you want?

MADAME. Why, a hearty kiss from Pierre Marçeau's pretty young wife, to be sure. (*holding out her arms*)

JOSE. Keep your distance! who are you?

PHIL. (*advancing*) Of course—how's the young woman to know who you are, you stupid old creature? This is Justine Phillipeau, my wife—and I'm her husband.

JOSE. (*aside*) The farmer and the bailiff! (*aloud*) Yes, I have heard my husband, Colonel Marçeau, speak of you as very good, worthy sort of people.

MADAME. (R., *tossing her head*) Well, I'm sure!

PHIL. (R. C.) Well, between you and me, it would have been very unbecoming in Cousin Pierre if he had not done so.

JOSE. (*seated L. C., starting*) Cousin! Colonel Marçeau—my husband—your cousin?

PHIL. Yes, we are not ashamed of owning relationship with him, or you either. Bless you, we are not proud, are we, dame?

MADAME. No, or we shouldn't have got up at day-break on purpose to honour the wedding with our presence! (*nettled*)

PHIL. Now, dame, don't you get your back up! don't you see she don't know what's due to her relations.

JOSE. You *my* relations! never!

MADAME. Ha, ha, ha! (*forcing a laugh*) I say, old man, what a tail our cat's got.

PHIL. (*quieting her*) Now, be quiet, for Pierre's sake!

JOSE. Yes, pray be quiet, good woman!

PHIL. Good woman! what d'ye mean by calling my wife a good woman? I've known her longer than you have, and she's nothing of the sort. Good woman, indeed!

MADAME. (*trying to pacify him*) Now, be quiet, for Pierre's sake! If we're not welcome here, we can go back to the farm, and no harm done.

PHIL. I shan't budge an inch without seeing Cousin Pierre—he's no nonsensical pride about *him*.

JOSE. (*aising*) Colonel Marceau may choose his own companions, but he cannot, dare not inflict upon his wife a relationship which is distasteful to her. (*with a bow and satirical curtsey*)

PHIL. (*struggling with his feelings*) Wheugh! it's uncommon hot here! Come along, dame—let's go back to the farm!

(*taking MADAME'S arm under his, and dragging her hastily towards door c.*)

*At the same moment PIERRE MARCEAU appears at c. from R., followed by the BARON, and ELISE re-enters at door, L., with smelling bottle.*

PIERRE. Ah, Cousin Phillipeau! (*grasping his hand*) Dame! (*kissing her*)

MADAME. (*looking at JOSEPHINE*) I don't think she saw it—give me another, cousin.

PIERRE. With all my heart! (*kissing her again*) But heyday! (*looking from JOSEPHINE to the PHILLIPEAUS*) What's the matter?

PHIL. (*up, R. c.*) Nothing! our wives were having a little comfortable chat, that's all!

(*making signs to MADAME.*)

MADAME. (*up R., understanding Phillipeau's signals*) Yes, that's all!

JOSE. (*L. c.*) This affectation is unnecessary! (*to PIERRE*) I presume, sir, you will not deny your wife the privilege of choosing her own society!

PIERRE. (*c., after a hasty glance at JOSEPHINE and the*

PHILLIPEAUS) I have the honour of presenting to you Monsieur and Madame Phillipeau, my near and dear relations. (*to JOSEPHINE*)

JOSE. (*proudly*) Who never will—never can, be near or dear relations of *mine*.

PIERRE. Madame!

BARON. (*L., aside to JOSEPHINE*) Josephine—Josey—Jo!

PHIL. (*after a struggle with his pride and mortification, and thrusting his hat firmly on his head*) That's enough! Come along, dame!

PIERRE. (*in a commanding tone and manner*) Stay!

PHIL. (*grasping PIERRE's hand*) No, no, Pierre—dame and I are not the people to set man and wife at loggerheads.

PIERRE. Phillipeau, if it be your pleasure to depart, be it so. If not, you must not, shall not go.

JOSE. (*aside*) Shall not! (*aloud to PIERRE*) I had hoped, sir, that in allying yourself to the family of De Beauprè, you would at least have learnt the manners of a gentleman.

PIERRE. Madame, before I ever knew your family, I had been taught, that one characteristic of a gentleman, was never to turn his back on a true and honest friend.

(*grasping PHILLIPEAU's hand.*)

PHIL. Thank ye, Pierre! now we'd better be off!

(*PIERRE grasps him by the arm and prevents his going.*)

JOSE. (*observing the action*) 'Tis well, sir, but I can be as resolved, as inflexible as you.

PIERRE. Josephine—wife! I appeal to you once more. These are my friends—will you welcome them as yours?

JOSE. Never!

PIERRE. Reflect!

JOSE. To what end? Reflection will not free me from my bonds!

PIERRE. (*starting*) Bonds!

JOSE. (*weeps*) I am wretched, miserable.

(*she sinks in a chair—the BARON, ELISE, and MONSIEUR and MADAME PHILLIPEAU surround her.*)

PIERRE. (*R*) Bonds! Fatal, cursed pride! So—this is my wedding-day! Well, I have *my* pride too! (*goes hastily to door in C., turns, looks at JOSEPHINE, and is*



*about to return—stops*) Pshaw! courage, Pierre Marceau, courage.

*Goes off at C. to R.*

JOSE. (L. C., *looking up, and seeing MADAME, who is anxiously watching her, and holding a smelling bottle to her nose*) Thanks—thanks! Oh, madame, I have been wrong—very wrong—forgive me!

MADAME. (C.) There—and there! (*kissing her and blubbing*) Pierre! come here, Pierre! she says she's very sorry. Pierre, I say! (*looking about her*) Not here!

PHIL. (*up L. C., looking about him*) Gone!

JOSE. (*starting up*) Gone!

*Enter ANATOLE LATOUR at C. from R., hurriedly—he is in a travelling costume.*

Where—where is my husband!

LATOUR. (*up R. C.*) On his road to Marseilles, madame, where I shall join him to-morrow.

ELISE. You?

LATOUR. Yes, mademoiselle!

JOSE. Gone! my husband gone?

LATOUR. Yes, madame.

JOSE. But he did not—would not leave me without a word.

LATOUR. No—he desired me to say that the provisions of the marriage contract, place his entire fortune at your disposal.

JOSE. Was that *all* he said?

LATOUR. (*hesitating*) All that I dare repeat.

JOSE. Speak, sir—tell me, I insist! What did he say more?

LATOUR. That you had the beauty of an ang—but—the temper of—

BARON. Her aunt the baroness!

(JOSEPHINE *draws herself up indignantly*—PHILLIPEAU *and his wife look anxiously towards her, while LATOUR kisses ELISE's hand.*

ELISE.

JOSEPHINE.

LATOUR.

MADAME.

PHIL.

BARON.

R.

C.

L.

END OF ACT FIRST.

C

## ACT SECOND.

SCENE.—A Handsomely Furnished Apartment in the Chateau de Beaupré. French windows at back, showing gardens beyond. Doors R. 3 E., and L. 2 E.

*Enter ELISE, C., from L., followed by MADAME PHILLIPEAU—ELISE is elegantly and fashionably dressed, forming a great contrast to her half village, half simple costume in Act First, while MADAME is very quiet, forming equally a contrast to her fine holiday dress in Act First.*

ELISE. (R.) Now, my good Madame Phillipeau, I insist on your stepping in—you don't come to see me half often enough.

MADAME. (L.) And you, Lisette, never come to see me at all. When you were in Brittany, two years ago, you did nothing but talk about the dear old farm, and the darling pigs and poultry, and now that you are within half a mile of the dear old farm, you never come near it; and as for the darling pigs and the poultry, you've cut their acquaintance altogether.

ELISE. But you forget that two years ago I was a silly, thoughtless, inexperienced girl, and that since my guardian brought me here to the Chateau de Beaupré, immediately after Josephine's marriage, my time has been completely taken up with balls, and fêtes, and concerts. In short, I have lived, as it were, in one continual round of gaiety—one incessant whirl of excitement.

MADAME. Well, well, be a fine, fashionable lady with others if you like, but with Justine Phillipeau, you will always be Lisette, and nothing but Lisette!

ELISE. (R.) Yes, yes, that indeed I will! (*kissing her*)

MADAME. (L.) And now tell me, how was the news of poor Pierre's death received by the proud, heartless woman he had made his wife?

ELISE. Poor Josephine!

MADAME. Poor fiddlesticks!

ELISE. Nay! I am sure she feels more than she appears to do.

MADAME. Serve her right if she were to break her heart! not that I believe she's got one. Poor, dear, cousin Pierre! how nobly he acted, to leave his wife and such a wife, in the enjoyment of all his fortune, never to appear before her once, for two long years, and then to get himself killed on the field of battle, on purpose to make her a widow, but perhaps not a *rich* widow, after all, for if he didn't make a will, of course his brother, Monsieur Henri Marceau, is his heir-at-law.

BARON. (*without*) Where's my niece? Where's Mademoiselle Elise?

ELISE. Here's my guardian! No doubt he's heard of Pierre's death in Paris, where he's been for the last month.

*Enter BARON, in travelling costume, c. from L.*

ELISE. (R.—*hastening to him*) I see you have heard the sad tidings!

BARON. (C) I have—I happened to be principal gold stick in waiting on His Imperial Majesty when the news arrived. “Baron,” said he, “your nephew has died a glorious death.” “Very,” thought I. “He's to be envied,” said he. “Very much indeed,” said I—not that I *did* envy him the least little bit in the world. (*aside*) If he has died without a will, I'm an underdone baron—I mean, an undone baron. (*to MADAME*) Ahem! your late lamented relative, the gallant colonel, was I presume, a man of business, eh? I mean, not the sort of man to put off till to-morrow what, he could do to-day?

MADAME. (*aside*) Umph! I'll frighten him a bit. (*aloud*) Why, sir, poor Pierre, like all soldiers, was very careless in matters of business! I've often said to him, “Cousin Pierre, why don't you make your will?”

BARON. Sensible woman!

MADAME. (L.) “A bullet *may* carry you off,” said I.

BARON. (C.) And a bullet *did* carry him off; It mus



have been a consolation to you in your bereavement, that your words came true. Well?

MADAME. Well, his answer always was, "so much the better for those relations I leave behind me," poor *cousin!* (*with emphasis*)

BARON. (*aside*) Cousin! there'll be a crop of cousins of all sorts and sizes springing up like mushrooms in every possible direction! (*aloud*) Then you are rather of opinion that your late gallant and lamentable relative had *not* made a will, when he received that unlucky bullet in his pericranium?

MADAME. If he had, his brother Monsieur Henri, the lawyer, made it for him.

BARON. Did he? (*aside*) Then he's a very bad lawyer, if he didn't take precious good care of himself! These estates of mine are a remarkably slippery sort of property, I get hold of 'em, but deuce a bit can I keep hold of 'em!

ELISE. (*seated up, R.*) Well, we shall soon know all about it, for Josephine has received a letter from Monsieur Henri, saying that he will arrive at the chateau this very morning!

BARON. (*aside*) With the intention, no doubt, of kicking me neck and crop out of it! I'd have any man, who died without a will, punished in such a style that he would'nt forget it for the rest of his life!

MADAME. Well, for my part, I shall be almost afraid to see Monsieur, for they tell me he is more like his poor brother than ever.

ELISE (*seated L. C.*) Ah! here comes Josephine!

MADAME. (*L.*) Does she? then I'm off!

BARON. (*R.*) I have it! I'll go and lay wait for the lawyer, and see if I can't get something out of him. (*goes towards the back and finds himself close to MADAME*) After you, I beg!

MADAME. I couldn't think of such a thing! (*holding back*)

BARON. But I insist upon it!

MADAME. Then suppose we split the difference, and go off together—come along! (*taking the BARON's arm, and pulling him off at the back*)

Sc. 1.

HUSBAND TO ORDER.

*Enter JOSEPHINE from door, R. 3 E., she crosses and sits L. C.*

ELISE. (R.) You have risen early this morning, Josephine.

JOSE. I have passed a wretched night! The uncertainty of what may be my future lot, so occupies my thoughts, I cannot sleep.

ELISE. Josephine, is it anxiety for the *future only*, that weighs upon your mind? Is there no regret, no sorrow, for the past?

JOSE. Regret? sorrow?

ELISE. Yes, for your ungenerous treatment of one who loved you! poor Pierre! Ah, you weep!

JOSE. No!

ELISE. Nay, don't deny poor Pierre *one* tear of regret!

JOSE. Ah, Elise, you should have been his wife!

ELISE. So I thought, but he could'nt marry both of us—and yet, I do believe it was more the *uniform* than the *man* that captivated me after all.

JOSE. (*smiling*) Then your determination to “marry a soldier, and nothing but a soldier?”—

ELISE. Was a very silly one!—for I have since found that a man may be very estimable, and very amiable too, without a uniform on his back, a sword by his side, a cigar in his mouth, or a moustache on his lip!

JOSE. But now I think of it, Elise, what will poor Monsieur Anatole say to this sudden change, after giving up the law and entering the army, on purpose to please you?

ELISE. Ha, ha! the mild and gentle Anatole become a rough, uncouth, swaggering soldier, in two short years! not he! When he returns, depend upon it we shall find him as timid and as bashful as ever!

~~X~~ ANATOLE LATOUR. (*without R. C.*) Out of the way, jackanapes! Mortars and bombshells, d'ye think I can't introduce myself?

ELISE. That voice—it can't be!

*Enter ANATOLE. C. from R., he is in an undress uniform, which is not in the best condition, a foraging cap, very large bushy pair of moustaches, a black patch over his left eye, he carries his left arm in a sling, a pipe of very large dimensions in his mouth, his face is very flushed or bronzed.*

LATOUR. (*seeing JOSEPHINE and ELISE*) Ah, ah! leave me alone for finding out the petticoats! Ladies, I salute you—you'll forgive my forcing your position, as it were at the point of the bayonet, but the devil take me if I could resist my impatience! (*aside*) That's pretty well for a beginning! I only hope I shall be able to keep it up.

ELISE. (*aside*) Mercy on us, here's a change!

JOSE. (*aside to ELISE*) Is this the timid, bashful young man? (*aloud*) Elise and I were just speaking of you, monsieur.

LATOUR. Captain, if its all the same to you! Monsieur is all very well for doctors, and lawyers, and all such stupid sort of animals, but not for a soldier! no! morbleu! ventrebleu! sacrebleu!

ELISE, (*aside*) How dreadfully he does swear! and his language used to be so refined! (*aloud*) We scarcely expected that you would return from the army so soon, monsieur—I mean captain.

LATOUR. Of course not, that's why I said to myself, "what an agreeable surprise it'll be for the darling little creature!" meaning you, ma'mzelle. (*ELISE looks indignant*)

ELISE. Well, he's got brass enough now in all conscience!

LATOUR. But perhaps I'm mistaken, eh? If so, grape, canister, and cannon balls, say the word.

ELISE. (*alarmed, aside*) Oh, lud, he frightens me out of my senses! (*aloud*) Oh, yes! of course we're very happy to see you again—but what is the matter with—(*pointing to the black patch on LATOUR'S eye*)

LATOUR. My eye? only a sabre cut from an English dragoon.

ELISE. And—(*pointing to LATOUR'S arm*)



LATOUR. My arm? a thrust from a bayonet, that's all! I've three bullets in my body besides—but they'll work out some time or another, I dare say! (*aside*) The more I go it, the better she'll like me! (*aloud*) It was these little trifles, added to a few smart attacks of fever, ague, and chronic rheumatism, that got me leave to return to France.

ELISE. (R.) To recruit your health!

LATOUR. (C.) Health! ten thousand carbines! I'm as sound as a drum! The only inconvenience I feel is, from having been frost-bitten.

ELISE. Frost-bitten! (*aside*) What next, I wonder!

LATOUR. Yes, in a four days march up to the knees in snow—and when I pulled my boots off I thought I heard something rattle in 'em—what d'ye think it was?

ELISE. What?

LATOUR. My toes! (*aside*) I'm mutilating myself to a frightful extent—but, as I said before, she'll like me all the better!

ELISE. Poor Monsieur Anatole!

LATOUR. Don't pity me—for the hope of seeing you once more, supported me in all my privations—in all my sufferings—(*with a gentlemanly and tender tone and manner—aside, and suddenly*) Holloa, what am I about? I'm getting refined and sentimental again—that'll never do! (*aloud, and in a rough manner*) Yes, ma'amselle, your image, and lots of brandy and tobacco brought me through.

ELISE. (*aside*) Brandy and tobacco!

LATOUR. Yes, ten million rockets and ramrods! all to please you. (*to JOSEPHINE*) But I ask your pardon, madame, for not having alluded before to your—what shall I call it?—misfortune, I suppose—but it's not more than half an hour ago that I first heard that your husband, the Colonel, had lately received his marching orders for another world.

ELISE. (R.—*aside*) He's a perfect bear!

JOSE. (L.) Indeed, captain! and who was your informant?

LATOUR. (C.) His brother, the lawyer.

JOSE. Monsieur Henri Marceau?

LATOUR. Yes, about a couple of leagues from the chateau I was obliged to halt for want of post-horses, and while I was considering whether I should wait patiently for the animals, or draw my sword and run the postmaster through the body—

ELISE. Oh, lud!

LATOUR. A hand was laid upon my shoulder—I turned, and could have sworn I stood face to face with Pierre Marceau—I was soon undeceived—it was his twin brother, Monsieur Henri, who then told me that the brave Pierre was no more. Finding I was bound for the Chateau de Beauprè he offered me a seat in his carriage, telling me, madame, that his duty as executor to his brother's will, compelled him most reluctantly to intrude himself upon your privacy and sorrow.

JOSE. (*aside*) He, too, doubtless, comes prejudiced against me! (*to LATOUR*) I may consider you my guest. I hope sir, as long at least, as I am permitted to be mistress here? You have not breakfasted perhaps?

LATOUR. (*c.*) I had a mouthful on the road, about two hours ago—a chicken pie, half-a-dozen eggs, a slice or two of ham, and a couple of glasses of brandy, that's all. so that by this time, I really begin to feel I want something to eat.

ELISE. (*aside*) He'll breed a famine in the neighbourhood!

JOSE. Elise, you will do the honours.

LATOUR. In that case, allow me to escort you to the commissariat department. (*offering his arm to ELISE, who takes it*) Didn't I tell you I should become a dashing, devil of a fellow? But bless you, this is a joke to what I shall be in time. So— *He hurries ELISE off at door, R. 3 E.*

JOSE. Why do I dread this meeting with Monsieur Henri Marceau? 'Tis not my husband's executor I fear! He can but tell me that I am penniless—but from his brother I may have to hear reproaches for my past conduct—reproaches which I *must* bear, because I feel they would not be unmerited.

*During the above, PIERRE MARCEAU enters at the back, from L. C.—he is in a black costume of the period, and wears a small red ribbon in his coat button hole—he advances, unperceived by JOSEPHINE.*

PIERRE. (R. C.) Madame!

JOSE, (L. C.—*turning and seeing PIERRE*) Heavens! those features!

PIERRE. Remind you of my poor brother. Surely you were not ignorant of the resemblance that existed between us?

JOSE. No, but—I was not prepared to find it was so striking—so marvellous!

PIERRE. Believe me, madame, had it been possible, I would not have exposed your delicate susceptibility to so disagreeable a reminiscence.

JOSE. (*deprecatingly*) Sir!

PIERRE. Nay, madame, I am aware how little my brother's manners and habits corresponded with yours—but believe me, had you known the gentle, loving heart that throbbed beneath that rough exterior, you would not so carelessly have cast the jewel from you, merely because its surface was unpolished—but I forget, I am here as my brother's executor, not his advocate.

JOSE. I am prepared to hear you, sir—proceed.

PIERRE. There is *another person*, madame, whose presence here is necessary, before I can proceed—but having once had the misfortune to offend you by his honest simplicity of manner, is naturally unwilling to expose himself to an ungracious reception. I allude, madame, to your husband's cousin and my own, Jerome Phillipeau.

JOSE. (*aside*) They have told him all. Monsieur and Madame Phillipeau are now on their road to the chateau. As soon as I heard of your intended visit I despatched my carriage for them. You see sir, if my pride caused to commit a wrong, it is not sufficiently *stubborn* to prevent my making atonement.

PIERRE. Unfortunately madame, there are instances, in which atonement comes too late to repair the wrong.



*Enter C. L. from PHILLIPEAU and MADAME PHILLIPEAU—MADAME is very showy and fine in her dress—and the BARON, preceded by SERVANT, who keeps up a suecession of bows to the former, during the following speeches—the BARON is very assiduous in his attentions to PIERRE, who evidently does not feel inclined to satisfy his curiosity—ELISE and LATOUR re-enter, R. 3 E.*

PHIL. (*up, R. C.—to SERVANT*) Hark ye, youug fellow, if you keep on bowing and scraping in that sort of way, you'll get a crick in the neck! Hold your head up, will you? I don't like it.

MADAME. (*up, R. C.*) Hold your tongue, old man! He wouldn't do it, if it wasn't the genteel thing, sir.

(*to SERVANT, and making him a very low curtsey.*)

PHIL. (*to JOSEPHINE, who advances to him, and MADAME and PHILLIPEAU*) Servant, madame. Your young man, there—(*pointing to SERVANT, who again bows low*) hold your head up, I tell you. Your young man—there, has just been down to the farm with a message from you to dame and me, requesting the honour of our company at the chateau.

BARON. (L.) Ha, ha! "the honour!" (*stops on a look from JOSEPHINE*)

PHIL. That was enough for us! So up we jumped, and scrambled into the carriage—at least, dame did—I got on the box alongside the coachman, on purpose to show myself to the neighbours—and *didn't* they stare! "Holloa, where are you going to?" says one. "To the chateau," say I. Not at all grand, mind you, on the contrary, quite affable and condescending.

MADAME. (R.) "Yes," says I, bowing and smiling first out of one window, then out of the other—"to the chateau," says I, "on a visit."

PHIL. (R. C.) Ha, ha, ha! you'll excuse dame, if she has a fault, it's a trifle too much vanity. She likes to show off and swagger a bit.

MADAME. Well, what's the use of having fine feathers, if one doesn't stick 'em out, and make the most of 'em?

JOSE. (L. C.—*to PHILLIPEAU and his wife, and looking*

*with intention at PIERRE*) You are welcome—most welcome! Endeavour to forget the past—and believe me, it shall not be *my* fault if we are not good friends for the future.

MADAME. (*almost crying*) I could and would have loved you from the very first, but you wouldn't let me.

(*taking JOSEPHINE'S hand, and about to kiss it—JOSEPHINE withdraws it, and holds out her arms to MADAME PHILLIPEAU, who kisses her repeatedly*)

PHIL. That's right, dame—make up for lost time. May I make up for lost time too? (*JOSEPHINE presents her cheek—PHILLIPEAU wipes his mouth with his sleeve, and kisses her*) If I am not too bold, madame, I should like another. (*about to kiss her again—the BARON comes between them*) Ah! how are you? (*grasping the BARON'S hand, and shaking it violently*) Let bygones be bygones, that's what I say. And you agree with me, don't you? so give me your hand again. (*making a grab at the BARON'S hand, who draws it away*)

BARON. (*c., aside*) I've been pumping the lawyer for the last quarter of an hour, but deuce a bit can I get anything out of him. (*aside to PHILLIPEAU*) Ahem, your late lamented relative, the gallant colonel, was a man of business, eh? Not the sort of man to put off till to-morrow what he could do to-day! Umph!

PHIL. (*aside to BARON*) I see, you're anxious to know how he has disposed of his property?

BARON. I am—*immensely—intensely* anxious.

PHIL. (*looking about him mysteriously, then in a loud whisper to the BARON*) So am I.

BARON. Go along.

PHIL. (*R. c.*) By the bye, Cousin Henri, (*to PIERRE*) here's a young lady you haven't seen since she was a child—our dear Lisette!

PIERRE (*L., to ELISE*) I have often heard my brother speak of you, mademoiselle, and as his representative, I trust I may claim some portion, at least, of the kindly feeling you entertained for him. (*kissing her hand*)

LATOUR. (*R., aside*) Well, I'm sure! he seems to consider her as part of the property—like the chairs and tables.

JOSE. (*aside*) He has a kind word for all but me.

ELISE. (R. C., *aside to LATOUR*) Isn't he an elegant creature?

LATOUR. (*disparagingly*) That thing? the man's well enough for a civilian; but if he smelt half as strong of gunpowder as he does of eau de cologne, I should like him all the better.

ELISE. Gunpowder! how nasty—ugh!

(*turning up her nose, and walking up the stage.*)

PHIL. (*stopping LATOUR, who is about to follow ELISE and expostulate with her—aside to him*) I say, my young hero, as you don't appear to see which way the cat's jumping, I'll tell you.

LATOUR. I beg your pardon, but at this moment I really take no interest whatever in the evolutions of the domestic animal you have just mentioned.

PHIL. Yes, you do! in a word, didn't you leave off the lawyer's business and take to soldiering, on purpose to please that young lady there? (*pointing to ELISE*)

LATOUR. I did!

PHIL. Well, while you were away getting yourself roughed, she was getting herself polished. Consequently, as that's the way the cat has jumped, my advice to you is, to leave off soldiering and take to lawyering again as soon as you conveniently can.

LATOUR. (R.) Well, but—

PHIL. (R. C.) I say no more. If a nod ain't as good as a wink to a blind horse, he must be very blind, indeed.

LATOUR. It can't be. And yet—

(*hurriedly marches up to ELISE, and apparently expostulates very warmly with her*)

JOSE. (*up, L. C.—to MADAME*) Now, my dear Madame Phillipeau, I will show you the apartment I have prepared for you—the hangings are light blue satin—but if you prefer pink or amber—

MADAME. (*up, L.*) Oh, madame! (*aside*) Light blue satin! I shall dream I'm in fairy land.

JOSE. Come, Elise—and you too, monsieur. (*to LATOUR*) These gentlemen have important business to talk over.

BARON. (L.) Yes, exactly—we have important business to talk over—haven't we? (*taking PIERRE'S arm familiarly—to PIERRE*) Ahem, your lamented brother,



the gallant colonel, I should say, was not the sort of man to put off till to-morrow what he could do to-day! Umph!

PIERRE. (L. C.) Excuse me, baron, but I wish to be alone with Monsieur Phillipeau.

BARON. Oh!

MADAME. (C.—to BARON) Don't you see you're in the way? So come along, (*taking BARON's arm*) and you shall be my beau for the rest of the day—that'll be a treat for you!

BARON. Thank ye. (*aside*) This robust female agriculturalist is gradually becoming a nuisance.

(JOSEPHINE *exits*, L. C., *followed by ELISE, with whom LATOUR is still expostulating*—MADAME PHILLIPEAU *pulling the BARON hastily off*, L. C.)

PIERRE. (*watching them out—then suddenly*) Ah, ah! victory, victory! have I played my part well or not, eh, old friend. (*clapping PHILLIPEAU on the back*)

PHIL. (R.) You've done it capitally—you've taken them all in one after the other. *Your wife, my wife, Lisette, the old baron, the young captain—and no wonder, for if you hadn't let me into the secret beforehand, you'd have made a fool of me too—perhaps the biggest fool of the lot!*

PIERRE. (L.) I've been in such an agony of suppressed laughter the whole time, that if it had lasted five minutes longer, I should have been obliged to throw off the mask.

PHIL. I say, Pierre, my old woman'll never forgive me for keeping her in the dark. Poor soul! *she was so sadly cut up when she heard you were dead.*

PIERRE. Then she'll be the more delighted when she finds I'm alive.

PHIL. And now you *are* here, under these false colours, what are you going to *do* here?

PIERRE. Pay my debts, like an honest man—one especially, which I contracted two years ago with my wife on our wedding day, and which I am here to pay back, with swinging interest to my widow.

PHIL. I'm not good at riddles.

PIERRE. (C.) Tell me—had Justine Phillipeau treated

you on your wedding-day as Josephine Marceau treated me on mine, what would you have done?

PHIL. (R.) I shouldn't have turned tail and run away, as you did.

PIERRE. No, you would have remained at home—called yourself her lord and master, and tried to humble her proud spirit by threats and harsh words. But as it didn't suit me to play the domestic tyrant, I left her to the exclusive enjoyment of her own sweet temper, and joined the army. There the agreeable particulars of my happy wedding-day soon followed me, and I became the laughing stock of my companions. I was now pointed at as the man who married a grenadier in petticoats, and had run away from her. Pleasant, wasn't it? The emperor himself, the first time he saw me, shrugged his shoulders and smiled, as much as to say, "Poor devil, I pity you." I tried to forget her who had caused this shame and humiliation. "What," I exclaimed, "Shall I, who helped to conquer at Lodi, Jena, Austerlitz, Dresden, Munich, suffer myself to be conquered by a woman—and that woman my own wife? No! her proud neck shall bend, even if it break."

PHIL. (R.) No, you never meant that!

PIERRE. (C.) I tell you I did!

PHIL. And I tell you you didn't!

PIERRE. My plan of the campaign was formed at once. Luckily we were at Vienna at the time; and remembering it was my rough speech and manner that had offended my dainty aristocratic wife, I determined to go into training for a fine gentleman, and for that purpose I learnt to dance, sing, bow, grin, say pretty things, carry a scent bottle, use a fan, and all the other usual tomfooleries, and came out what the women call "a very pretty man." Peace being proclaimed, I returned to France, arranged everything with my brother—namely, that I had been killed in battle—doffed my uniform—cut off my moustache—borrowed his name—his black coat, and a bundle of parchments, and here I am.

PHIL. Yes, here you are—and what's more, here you'll stop!

PIERRE. Yes, to humiliate her as she had humiliated

me—to repay, with tenfold interest, the two years of wounded affection and mortified pride that I have suffered. She shall not only regret, but love the man she believes is dead; and then, Phillipeau, I will reject *her* love, as she rejected *mine*. Ay, and before the same witnesses. *This* shall be *my* triumph—the whole army shall know it. I'll ask the emperor's permission to have it proclaimed by sound of drum, fife, and trumpet, at the head of every regiment in the service.

PHIL. No, no, you won't do that!

PIERRE. I tell you I will!

PHIL. (R.) And I tell you you won't!

PIERRE. (L. C.) Silence!

*Seeing LATOUR, who suddenly enters, L. C., and comes down, L.*

LATOUR. (L., *walking up to PIERRE, and confronting him*) Monsieur, I am a soldier, and therefore a man of few words. And though you're a lawyer, and therefore a man of many words, I'll trouble you for a plain yes or no to this question. Is it your intention to try and make yourself agreeable to Mademoiselle Elise?

PIERRE. (C., *smiling—aside*) Here's a young Cæsar! (*aloud—graciously*) Really, my good young friend—

LATOUR. I'm not your good young friend, sir! and don't let me have any long winded speeches, sir. I've been a lawyer myself, and I know what they're worth. Are you an admirer of Mademoiselle Elise? yes or no!

PIERRE. (*aside*) Egad, why not? and so make my wife jealous! (*aloud*) The young lady in question is certainly a very charming person.

LATOUR. (*fiercely*) Do you suppose I don't know that? Two years ago she had the misfortune to see your brother the colonel, in his regimentals, and the result was that I gave up the law and entered the army, on purpose to please her, and now she wants me to give up the army, and become a lawyer again, because she has seen *you*. She has the execrable taste to think you a very agreeable and good-looking person, sir!

PIERRE. (*smiling*) Surely that's no fault of mine!



LATOUR. Yes it is' sir! why don't you wear your wig, like a man, and let her see what a fright you look. However, one thing's very clear—I can't keep on changing my profession in this absurd sort of way for the rest of my life. If I *do* turn lawyer, the chances are that in two years time she'll want me to become a soldier again.

PIERRE. I really don't know what advice to offer.

LATOUR. (*fiercely*) I don't want your advice—I want your answer. Am I to consider you my rival? if so, either you must kill me or I must kill you—I don't care which, but I should prefer killing you—ininitely prefer it. You hear, sir! (*very loudly*)

*Enter* JOSEPHINE, BARON, and MADAME PHILLIPEAU, *hastily*, L. C.

JOSE. (L. C.) What is the matter?

ELISE.

BARON. } (L.) Yes, what is the matter?

MADAME. }

PIERRE. (R., *smiling*) Oh, a mere nothing.

LATOUR. (L. C.) A mere nothing! come, I like that! I was telling this gentleman that any attentions he might pay you, ma'amzelle, would be as unpleasant to me, as they would be disagreeable to you.

ELISE. (L.) Well, I'm sure! I wish you'd mind your own business, sir!

LATOUR. I am minding my own business—I consider you my business!

JOSE. (C., *to* LATOUR) Fear not, sir, Elise cannot, I'm sure, be insensible to a devoted attachment like yours.

PIERRE. (R.) She will doubtless do more, madame—profiting by your example, she will know how to reward it! (*satirically*—JOSEPHINE turns away in strong emotion)

PHIL. (R., *aside to* PIERRE) Don't be too hard upon her.

MADAME. (R., *aside*) He needn't say such savage things to the poor woman.

ELISE. (L., *aside*) If he'd an atom of feeling, he couldn't have said that. He isn't half so good-looking as I thought he was.

LATOUR. (L., *aside*) He's a brute!

JOSE. (L. C., *to PIERRE*) Believe me, sir, I feel the full force of your reproof. I knew that I should find in you a severe judge, but I hoped not an implacable one.

PIERRE. (R. C., *aside*) How beautiful she is! Pshaw! no weakness, Pierre Marceau! (*aloud*) I am now prepared, madame, to make known the contents of my poor brother's will. (*producing a parchment from his coat pocket*)

BARON. (R., *aside*) Now for it! (*aloud*) Silence, while we listen with melancholy interest, and in a sitting posture, to the last injunctions of the departed hero. (*taking out his white handkerchief, and seating himself*)

PIERRE. A thousand pardons, baron, but as you are in no way interested in the matter—

BARON. (*jumping up, and pocketing his handkerchief*) You don't mean to say he hasn't left me anything?

PIERRE. Nothing whatever—yet stay, I forget.

BARON. (*taking out his handkerchief again*) I thought so!

PIERRE. He has bequeathed to you the expression of his boundless gratitude for having deemed him worthy of an alliance with your illustrious house.

BARON. Humbug!

(*he pockets his handkerchief, and goes out hurriedly,*

L. C.—PIERRE *by a sign signifies that he wishes to be alone with* JOSEPHINE—ELISE, MADAME, and LATOUR *go out, looking anxiously at JOSEPHINE and PIERRE.*

PHIL. (*aside to PIERRE*) Follow my advice, Pierre—throw off this masquerading, take her to your arms, give her a kiss, and have done with it.

PIERRE. And so lose my revenge—no, no! (*he motions PHILLIPEAU from him, who exits, L. C.—JOSEPHINE sinks into a chair—PIERRE looks at her and seems irresolute, then in an assumed calm and business-like tone*) I await your leisure, madame.

JOSE. (L.) I am ready, sir!

PIERRE. (*aside*) I wish she wasn't so pretty. (*aloud*) Before I proceed to the contents of this document, I will call your attention to a matter of a more private nature. (*takes a morocco case out of his pocket*) My brother,

madame, a few weeks before his death, forwarded to me this casket of diamonds, and requested me to offer them to you, fearing, no doubt, that their presentation by his own hand might, in your estimation, have dimmed the lustre of the jewel.

JOSE. (L.) Another reproach, sir!—I do not seek to defend my conduct, but do me so far justice as to remember that he whose name I was *forced* to bear—pardon me, sir, I speak but the truth—

PIERRE. (R., *aside*) She does! She *was* forced to marry me, there's no doubt about that!

JOSE. I repeat, sir, he whose name I was forced to bear, abruptly left me without one word of regret or explanation—without considering the difference in our positions, tastes, feelings, or attempting by gentle reasoning, to elevate me above those miserable prejudices which had been instilled into my mind from my very birth—he left me!

PIERRE. (*aside*) I did! perhaps I ought to have remained—I'm sure I ought! (*aloud*) Poor Pierre! for two long years he lived with but one solitary hope to cheer him—that a word from you would call him back.

JOSE. Oh, would—would that I had known it!

(*hiding her face.*)

PIERRE. (*making a movement as if to rise and embrace her*) I shan't be able to stand this much longer. Pshaw! (*aloud*) I need scarcely inform you that everything my brother possessed has been bequeathed wholly and solely to—his widow.

JOSE. (*bursts into tears*) I desire nothing—I will accept of nothing.

PIERRE. Nay, madame, the wishes of the dead are sacred, and his wishes are contained in this letter—the last he ever wrote. (*producing a letter*)

JOSE. (*hastily taking letter*) Give it to me! (*reads*)  
 “Dear brother,—Something tells me I shall not survive to-morrow's battle. If I fall, tell her I die with her name on my lips—her image in my heart. All that I possess is hers, and in return I only ask of her that she will cease to hate me.” That dreadful word again! “Tell her that my last prayer is—” I can read no more.



PIERRE. "Tell her that my last prayer is for her happiness and her forgiveness."

JOSE. *My forgiveness! Pierre—husband! Oh, that you had known how dearly—how dearly—how devotedly I loved you!*

PIERRE. Josephine! (*she turns and looks at him*) Here—here to your husband's heart!

JOSE. (*with a scream of joy*) Pierre! (*rushes into his arms*)

PHILLIPEAU, MADAME, BARON, ELISE, and LATOUR  
*hurry in C. from L,*

PHIL. (*up R. C., triumphantly*) Ah, ah! who's right now, eh, Pierre? Didn't I say you'd take her to your arms, give her a kiss and have done with it? Ha, ha!

MADAME. (R.) So, sir, you were in the secret all the time, were you?

PHIL. (R.) Yes, and what's more, dame, I did what you wouldn't—I kept it.

MADAME. (R.) Fie, Cousin Pierre—to pretend to be dead when you were alive all the time.

ELISE. (L. to LATOUR, *who has got rid of the black patch and has taken his arm out of sling*) And you, sir, to impose upon my sensibility with a black patch over your eye and your arm in a sling.

PIERRE. (R. C.) Nay, why regret a masquerade that ends so happily? (*kissing JOSEPHINE's hand*)

LATOUR. (L.) Yes, that ends so happily.

(*kissing ELISE's hand.*)

PHIL. Yes, that ends so happily. (*imitating*)

BARON. Yes, that ends so—(*looking about*)

JOSE. (L. C., *to AUDIENCE*)

That ends so happily—I fear you'll say

We take too much for granted for our play.

You know it's fate—we only meant.

It will end happily if you're content.

BARON.

R.

PHIL.

R. C.

MADAME.

PIERRE.

C.

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